



Demon God

妖神

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Genre: Xuanhuan, Action, Adventure, Survival, Fantasy

Synopsis :

In this world, orphans or just anyone without any hope for this world can apply to become a “walking target”. Their sole purpose is to be a practicing dummy for the students of the sect who train to become “Demon Hunters”. These students need “walking targets” to test their training on living, walking beings of flesh and blood.

In exchange, they will be provided with food & shelter.

Their existence value is lower than a slave, but if they manage to survive a few years they can receive a life long pension.

Xiao Han is such a “walking target”. One time he witnessed a powerful Demon Hunter disposing a demon. When the demon died, a fragment of the demon that managed to escape entered Xiao Han’s heart. No one saw that, and even Xiao Han himself only felt some discomfort for an instant.

But that thing in his heart soon gave Xiao Han visions, and the first one is of a cultivation method which allows Xiao Han to absorb damage to enhance his body. A perfect cultivation method for a “walking target”.

Info :

<http://www.novelupdates.com/series/demon-god/>

Raws : None!

Translator :

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Chapter 1.1 – Demons

It was Autumn, wind was blowing, a blood red sun was setting. The atmosphere was extremely bleak.

There were five bodies lined up on the bluestone alley of the town.

It was horrible.

Each dead man's head was pierced, the wound was about the size of a bowl. Their brains were sucked up to the last drop. The dark red blood was dried up, congealed around the edges of the wounds, and twined with their dry hair. Blue flies were buzzing.

A young man paced in front of the bodies. He had an indifferent look, with his hair tied up, wearing a sword, and dressed in a fine linen cloth. He was surrounded by a bright aura. A sharp light flickered when he opened and closed his eyes. His every little movement was full of dignity and majesty.

"My...my lord...here...here are the bodies...it looks like...like...the legendary...demons...demons...who did this...." stuttered a fat middle-aged man in a dark blue robe, while shivering. His forehead was dripping with sweat.

He was so afraid of the young man's imposing aura, that he couldn't stand on his knees.

Behind the middle-aged man, there were hundreds of people standing by the wall. They were the local people. All men, women, elders, youngsters and street vendors were as mute as a fish. Their faces looked grim. None of them dared to take a big breath.

"You're the mayor of this town?" Behind the young man, stood several men. They were all in tidy clothes, young, strong, and energetic. One of them pointed at the fat middle-aged man and yelled at him: "Is everyone in this small town here ?

"Yes, yes, I am the mayor. After this terrible thing happened, I am so frightened. Everyone is here. Everyone is here..." The fat middle-aged man was the mayor of this unknown town.

"Brother Fong. It seems there are demons are in this town. They are waiting for a chance to kill the disciples of our Cloud Rain Sect. Brother Fong, please kill those demons, and take revenge for our three junior brothers and two elder ladies!" The follower who shouted at the middle-aged man, said to the young man with a deep bow.

'Brother Fong waved his hand, and the follower closed his mouth right away.

"I can smell Evil Qi in this town..." 'Brother Fong' closed his eyes. When he opened his eyes again, there was a glint of excitement. He took a quick glance at the people. The mayor and the local people standing by the wall, suddenly got down on their knees.

"Great. Actually still hiding in this small town ." Brother Fong smiled slyly. " You dare to kill our disciples of Cloud Rain Sect? Aha! You do have

some skills to still be able to hide from me. Interesting. Interesting."

Brother Fong stepped forward, looking down at the shivering mayor.

The mayor was panicking. "My lord. Not me...not me...I am not a demon..."

Brother Fong sneered, turned and walked to an old woman .

The old woman was scared out of her wits. Her throat was rattling, "I am not a demon...mercy...my lord...mercy ..."

Brother Fong one by one walked in front those locals. Each time he stopped his steps, the local in front of him was so terrified, that he cried, kept kowtowing and defended himself that he was not a demon.

However, Brother Fong did not find out any demons among these locals.

At this moment, a yellow dog suddenly ran out from a house in the street. It barked twice. At the same time, the sword qi inside Brother Fong started roaring like a dragon. From a distance, a sword qi flew towards the yellow dog, and nailed it dead on the ground.

Those locals' hearts and galls were so frightened, that some even fainted...

Brother Fong waved his hand.

Immediately, one of his followers beckoned his hand to a few men who stood submissive in the corner, and yelled, "Come here!"

The young follower was as meek as a lamb in front of Brother Fong, "Brother Fong, our three junior disciples and two elder ladies were killed by demons that night, but these walking targets survived."

"This demon must have practiced up to the soldier layer, and now he wants to wake up his evil qi, and cultivate to the general layer, so he decided to take risks. He lurked in this small town—the place we have to pass for provisions, waited for his chance to kill our martial disciples and absorbed their brain fluids." Brother Fong thought, he soon realized, "A demon at the soldier layer has no interest in the brains of ordinary people without any cultivation. That's why those walking targets did not get killed."

"What did you see at the night of the incident?" Brother Fong flicked his fingers, and asked a 'walking target'.

The 'walking target' was in his 30s, wearing cyan clothes, and a little hat, with a pale and shocked face and bloodshot eyes. He cried out, "I...I don't know...I know nothing...the next morning, they, they, were all killed...the three men and two elder ladies were all dead...a big hole in the head...dead...all dead...brains were swallowed..."

This 'walking target' was apparently out of his mind and in total chaos.

"Trash!" Brother Fong flicked his finger. An invisible power surged in the air. The 'walking target' was suddenly flicked out, and he fell on his face.

Then, Brother Fong picked up a second 'walking target', who was also incoherent, hardly able to answer. He, too, was flicked by Brother Fong, falling face down.

At this moment, a third 'walking target' was called out.

This was a teenager, very young, fifteen or sixteen at most. He had good-looking and smart eyes. His well-featured face made him look innocent.

"What did you see?" Brother Fong asked indifferently.

"Lord...Lord Fong, at that night, we bought many grain seeds, flower seeds, and winter clothes in 'Iron Ring Town'. It was late, and we could not continue, so Master Tian arranged for us to stay the night in this town. See, this inn." The teenager pointed at an inn across the street. "Master Tian, Master Luo, Master Chu, Auntie Xu, and Auntie Chen stayed in the second floor. We, walking targets, had to stay in the storeroom to guard the food and clothes. At midnight, I was very hungry and wanted to find some food. So I came out and stole two steamed breads. I...I think I saw a white figure flash by outside the window...but I didn't care, and went back to sleep. I can't believe Master Tian, Master Luo, Master Chu, Auntie Xu and Auntie Chen were all killed next morning..."

Unlike other walking targets who were muddled, this teenager was talkative, organized, and smart.

"Oh?" Lord Fong looked a bit interested, "You got guts. You are a walking target too. What is your name?"。

"My name is Xiao Han." Said Xiao Han, as he licked his dry upper lip.

"Well, great." Lord Fong nodded. "Xiao Han, do you remember that white figure? Did you see where the figure came from?"

"Well..." Xiao Han was thinking, suddenly turned back, pointed to a house, and said, "there... I suppose..."

The house Xiao Han mentioned had a red painted gate, beast knockers, copper nails, and two stone lion carvings guarding the door. It looked like a rich family's house.

After Xiao Han's explanation, all locals looked at the mayor.

"Lord...that...that...that is my house..." the mayor's fat face was twitching. He was frightened, and said in a shivering voice, "But, but, I am innocent...there is no demon in my house...impossible ...my Lord..."

Brother Fong lifted the corners of his mouth, and stepped forward towards the mayor. At this very moment, Brother Fong slightly moved his body while sword qi surged up in the shape of a lotus. The appearance of the lotus was the symbol of the highest layer of sword cultivation.

Xiao Han was shocked, looking at Brother Fong. He was thinking, "True Qi Layer! This is the legendary True Qi Layer! This is what those junior disciples said! So powerful! Like a god! If one day I could cultivate to that layer, that would be really cool..."

Brother Fong walked before the mayor and looked around. He casually looked at the mayor's family, who knelt beside him.

"Waah~wow~waah~~~"

At this moment, suddenly a baby's crying voice resounded, breaking up the grim silence of this town.

"Dear Niuniu, don't cry..." A young married woman in floral coat, kneeling beside the mayor, began to lull the baby in her arms. She was pretty. Somehow she had a special, elegant charm.

"Father, Niuniu must be hungry..." The married woman spoke to the mayor, in a low voice.

"Lord...Lord...this...this is my daughter-in-law...Luo...my grandson is hungry...Lord please give us a few minutes...let my daughter-in-law go back home...to...to feed my grandson..." Mayor implored, with a pleading look.

Suddenly!

"POOF!!!!"

A weird sound resonated!

The next second, Brother Fong's sword had come out of its scabbard. It was as light as the autumn stream, shining brilliant light. He took the

sword in his left hand, lifting it straight forward to the young married woman, piercing her forehead straight through the back of her head.

No one witnessed how, and when Brother Fong pulled out his sword.

Nor did anybody expect Brother Fong to kill the woman so suddenly!

The whole place was surrounded by a grim silence.

The mayor and his family panicked, and looked at the dead married woman with desperate eyes.

Suddenly the baby too stopped crying.

You could have even heard a pin drop.

Even those young men who followed Brother Fong were scared, and they all stepped back in astonishment.

"Why? Why...is there no blood?" The teenager Xiao Han asked abruptly. He was stunned, pointed at the young married woman, "Why is there no blood? Not a single drop at all?"

As Xiao Han had said, the woman's head was pierced by the sword, but not a single drop of blood could be seen! This was very weird.

"If you had not deliberately pinched the baby to cry, I would not have

found you so quickly.” Brother Fong smiled abruptly. His hands holding the sword, were as steady as a mountain.

“Ga Gaga ~~~~”

Instantly, the married young woman’s face began to distort, into an extremely ferocious look—unlike a human beings’.

“POOF~~~~”

A piece of dead skin fell out from her left cheek.

“POOF~~~~” “POOF~~~~” “POOF~~~~”

Her whole face cracked open, and her flesh blew up everywhere. Her face skin was peeled off in a few seconds, and inside where her head was supposed to be it was empty, no skull, no brains, no vessels. It could not be anymore weirder.

“Gagaga~~~~~ worthy of being a master disciple of the Cloud Rain Sect. A master of the True Qi Layer!” The woman’s voice was rough. The creepy voice came from the headless body, and sounded like from the far hell.

Chapter 1.2 – Demons

“Demon...Demon!” The teenager Xiao Han screamed , turned back and started running. His reaction was extremely fast.

The next moment ...

“POOF!”

A surge of evil qi rushed out up into the sky from the dead body. It was bloody red colored. It concealed the sun, and suspended in the air, It gradually formed into a wriggling human-like creature. It was so huge and fierce that, it could eat the whole world.

This human-like creature was about two meters high. Its whole body was covered with huge blue veins and dragon-like muscles. Its hands were covered with scales, as sharp as a knife. It’s arms were as thick as a bucket, leaf-like palms, and hook-like fingers.

Its head was vast in size, with bloody-red eyes, and a huge mouth. When it breathed, it filled the air with a violent atmosphere. As if It could eat humans at any time!

Surges of evil qi whirled around its body, like several evil dragons who roared, yelled, cried and whined. Its voice was in deep sorrow, tearing blood.

“BOOM~~~BOOM~~~BOOM~~~”

When it stretched its body, it sounds like a landslide tsunami. It seemed to have a power to destroy the world.

Demon!

A demon!

"My god!!!!!!!" Locals were scared to death and yelled out. However, their blood and muscles were frozen stiff due to the pressure of evil qi. They could not even stand, let alone run. They had to prostrate on the ground.

Not to mention those locals, even the young followers of Brother Fong were scared out of their mind,. Their faces looked pale, as white as a paper, and they tried to flee while scratching and scrambling. They did not even dare to look at the demon. Two young warriors even wet themselves completely where they stood...

"Awful... I can't move... I am so scared..." The teenager Xiao Han hid himself behind the lion carving, in front of the mayor's house. He would have liked to run away farther, but he found that he could not even lift a finger when under the pressure of the demon. It has become an extremely difficult task. The hair on his back stood up. A cold feeling crawled over his spine. He shuddered and could not breathe. His heart was grasped tightly by an invisible hand, almost suffocating him.

"Oh? This is a demon at Demon Soldier Layer. Right. But...why could it conceal itself from me. How come I did not find it? A demon at Demon Soldier Layer is not able to suspend in the air...weird. This demon is weird." All locals were in panic except Brother Fong. He remained calm,

lost in thought. He breathed tenderly, glistening with qi. His sword qi was superb as rainbow.

“POOF~ ~ ~” When Brother Fong’s sword shook a little bit, the woman’s body was smashed into powder and evaporated by his sword qi instantly. After, Brother Fong slightly waved his hand, and the baby moved as a light feather, falling down into the panicked mayor’s arms.

“Hah Hah Hah...unbelievable, Cloud Rain Sect sent a master of True Qi Layer for me... Hah Hah Hah...a master of True Qi Layer ...infuriating... Once I absorb your brains, I will immediately make a breakthrough to the Demon General Layer. Awakening my demon qi, reaching the highest layer instantly in one step! Ha Ha Ha!”

The demon roared at the sky, releasing heat waves in all directions. The overwhelming evil qi reached towards every corner of the town, shaking tiles on the roofs.

“Go Die! You True Qi Layer human!” Instantly the demon roared fiercely, a slap shot directly towards Brother Fong’s head! Its violent power shook the ground and even uprooted many houses. The ground where Brother Fong stood was cracked!

“It is much more powerful than any other demon at Soldier Layer...” Brother Fong murmured to himself while remaining calm. When the demon’s hands were about to reach his head, he slightly lifted up his sword.

Suddenly , a strong surge of sword qi pierced into the sky with numerous lotuses blooming again and again. It was so overwhelming, that it was almost going to tear up the sky and cut off everything.

"POOF!"

The sword qi flashed and disappeared quickly.

The demon's blood was storming everywhere.

Its left arm was cut off! The severed arm (the part of arm that was cut off) was smashed up by the remains of sword qi before it fell down.

"Boom!" The demon released a piercing scream. Suddenly, it moved its body with a tearing sound in the air. It left a long wave of qi, which surged dangerously in a crackling sound. In a flash, the demon stepped back a long distance, Trying to run away.

"Stay." Brother Fong said in a calm voice. He lifted up his right hand, condensing his majestic true qi into a giant palm of several mu (a unit of area). He grabbed the demon from the distance with his mountain-like fingers.

The hiding Xiao Han was shocked when watching this. He thought, Brother Fong deserves to be a true disciple of the Cloud Rain Sect. He had such strong methods, and exceptional skills.

Unexpectedly , the demon struggled a bit, and then blew up into over a million fragments of evil qi, running away from Brother Fong's hand.

"Heavenly Demon fragmentation?" Brother Fong was surprised for the

first time. "How is a mere soldier demon able to practice these secret skill? This is even not possible for a General Layer demon. Things are getting weird..."

While speaking, thousands of surges of bright sword qi shrouded the whole town, brightening the twilight town, as if it was under the blazing sun.

"POOF! POOF! POOF!"

Every evil qi fragment was destroyed, smashed up and pulverized into ash.

The next moment, the town regained its tranquility. There was no longer any trace of evil qi.

"Brother Fong is a master! Can kill any demon in a second!" Those followers quickly approached Brother Fong and flattered him, saying "Brother Fong's technique is invincible!"

Xiao Han also came out from behind the lion carving, and looked at Brother Fong like he was a god.

"It is a shame that I couldn't capture the demon alive. There is something strange about it." Brother Fong thought for a bit then no longer concerned himself with, and turned to leave. Suddenly he stopped and looked at Xiao Han.

"Your name is Xiao Han?" Brother Fong asked lightly.

"Yes, yes, my name is Xiao Han." Xiao Han nodded quickly.

"Interesting." Brother Fong nodded. He took out something and threw it to Xiao Han. "This is a small gift for you. Enjoy."

Xiao Han received it without thinking. When he looked back up to see, Brother Fong had already rushed up into a surge of sword light, and disappeared in the clouds instantly.

"Terrific! Unbelievable! This is a big master! A true master! Compared to him, those junior disciples are worse than dog shit!"

Xiao Han was thinking, when all of a sudden he smelt an intense flavor of medicine.

He looked down, and found himself holding a white, bean-sized pill. It had a overflowing rich smell. With only a slight smell of it, Xiao Han felt his senses numb, refresh and even rejuvenate.

"Medicinal pill! This is a medicinal pill!" Xiao Han blurted out.

"It is the white tiger bone strengthening medicinal pill! An elite bone strengthening medicinal pill! It refines the bones and purifies the marrow! With its help, an ordinary person at Bone Strengthening layer will become much more powerful!" Those followers all approached Xiao Han, surrounding him.

"Qi Shi, you have not improved since you achieved '50th Bone Strengthening layer'. If you take this pill, you can reach '100th Bone Strengthening', and join 'Body Purifying layer'." A hawk-nosed young man said to another big man with a dark and rough face.

Another Bordeaux red-faced young man laughed, "Qi Shi, we have all accomplished '100th Bone Strengthening', becoming outer disciples. So this pill won't help us much. Unlike us, with the help of this pill, you will be promoted from trainee to outer disciples in a short time. Your status will soon rise. This is a good chance. You should cherish it! As I said, you will always learn new things with us. You see, if you didn't come with Brother Fong to kill demons, you wouldn't have been so lucky."

"Xiao Han, quickly give the pill to me. Be quick!" The young man named 'Qi Shi' was greedy. He licked his lip and laughed at Xiao Han.

"No...No way...This is Brother Fong's gift..." Xiao Han held the pill tightly.◦

"Idiot! You are just a walking target, a human sandbag. What can you do with this pill? You'd better give it to me, otherwise I will beat you up." Qi Shi harshly threatened Xiao Han.

"I won't be a walking target for my whole life." Xiao Han blurted out. "Again, Lord Fong gave this to me. Don't you dare...rob it. Aren't you afraid of Lord Fong?"◦

"Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ~~~~~ ~~~~~" Those young cultivators burst out laughing.

“What an idiot! Who is Brother Fong? A true disciple! But who are you? A walking target! You won’t have a chance to meet Brother Fong again for the rest of your life! Brother Fong threw you an immortal pill just on a whim. You really think Brother Fong will remember you? Will a dignified true disciple, appreciate a dog? Xiao Han, you are too naïve! Ha Ha Ha Ha! Maybe Brother Fong has already forgotten you—a nobody like an ant! Ha Ha Ha Ha!” Qi Shi hurried to directly grab the pill from Xiao Han.

Xiao Han was angry and immediately wanted to swallow the pill.

Unexpectedly...

“BOOM!”。

Qi Shi kicked Xiao Han’s stomach with his foot, making Xiao Han fly far away instantly. The medicinal pill slipped out of his hand.

“Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha! White tiger bone strengthening medicinal pill! Ha Ha Ha Ha! Lucky! What a lucky me!” Qi Shi took the pill and laughed with high spirit. He was so pleased.

“Let’s go back to the Sect. Qi Shi, with the help of this white tiger bone strengthening medicinal pill, you will reach the 100th Bone Strengthening and become an outer disciple soon.”

“Qi Shi, you must have killed that walking target. You are really ruthless.”

“Ha ha ha haBrothers, he won’t die.You do not know Xiao Han is a unique walking target? He has a durable body. Go go go, let’s go back to

Sect now. Let's drink tonight, my treat!"

.....

After a while.

"Xiao Han...you...are you alive?"

Other walking targets did not dare to ask him until those young cultivators left.

Xiao Han struggled to stand up. He shook the dirt off of his clothes. His eyes were full of rage and helplessness.

"Damn! Qi Shi, I will knock your teeth out someday! I swear!"

Xiao Han was in an explosive rage and frustration, when he thought of the medicinal pill stolen by Qi Shi. He was determined to get revenge.

"Enough, enough, Xiao Han. Don't be silly. An innocent person gets in trouble because of his wealth. We walking targets are not qualified to take the medicinal pill. Don't make trouble." Said those walking targets.

Xiao Han was upset for a while. He said in despair, "Let's go back to Sect too. There are demons everywhere now. If we are not careful, our brains will be sucked up. It is serious."

The group of walking targets started to leave the town.

At that time...

It was the place where Brother Fong and the demon fought. A flowing light jumped from a water vat outside a house. This light was evil qi! It was the only one that survived from Brother Fong's sword after that demon used Heavenly Demon fragmentation! It was the most demonic evil qi that was even concealed from Brother Fong!

The evil qi moved towards those walking targets swiftly!

It shot straight into Xiao Han's body unexpectedly!

"Ah~~~~" Xiao Han felt pain in his heart suddenly. It seemed that there was a sharp weapon stabbing into his heart. It hurt like hell.

Xiao Han kneeled down in pain

"What's up, Xiao Han?" A few walking targets stopped.

"It hurts...my...my heart..." The pain threw Xiao Han into convulsion. After a while, he finally felt relieved.

"I felt...I felt something drill into my heart..." Xiao Han was trembling.

"Don't be silly, Xiao Han. Let's go."

Chapter 2.1 – The Walking Targets

Along thousands of miles of the Cloud Rain Mountains, the rosy clouds were slowly rising, like a dragon creeping from the south to the north, through 'warring empires'.

In the mountains there was ethereal Xian Qi, numerous palaces, dojos, and pavilions. White apes offering spirit fruits and cranes had spirit herbs in their mouths. It gave a sense of immortal lands of blessings.

In ancient times, when passing by the Cloud Rain Mountains, a martial predecessor perceived their power, feeling the morning frost, night dew, dawn clouds, and dusk rains. He was inspired, understood the limit of cultivation, and then invented a supreme secret skill 'Cloud Rain Great Zhen Qi'. With this skill, he gathered clouds as rain swept across the lands gloriously. He then created an eternal sect... 'the Cloud Rain Sect'.

The 'Cloud Rain Mountains' were named after 'the Cloud Rain Sect'.

The fame of 'the Cloud Rain Sect' was as reverberant as the thunder at the present world.

In the past thousands of years, masters kept emerging in the sect. Numerous talents appeared, becoming earth-shattering legends. They made undeniable contributions and played a critical role in the endless long wars between humans and demons.

As one of the top five 'warring empires', the 'Cloud Rain Sect' were terribly profound.

It was late autumn. The whole sky was filled with a sense of autumn. The whole Cloud Rain Mountains were bathed in laziness.

At the peak of a humble little mountain in the outer area stood a dojo. A few equipment for outer disciples' training, such as stone mounds, sand bags, and stakes were placed randomly.

Several tall and strong young men were practicing lifting stone mounds, exhausting their energy; or they bound sandbags on their arms and legs, running, jumping and leaping like powerful tigers.

These young men's bodies had been refined strongly and energetically. A slight kick or fist could pierce the air. They were vigorous and resolute. All movements made through waists and hips were coherent. They were practicing like eagles battling with rabbits and hungry tigers rushing at sheep.

These were novice disciples of the Cloud Rain Sect.

At the edge of the dojo, about ten less strong men were standing there with a pinched look. Their ages varied, from teens to middle aged. They were all trembling with fear, hearing piercing voices from the dojo where those novice disciples were practicing. They were shivering panickedly, and even had heart palpitations, pulling a long face as if they were attending a funeral.

They were 'walking targets', human sandbags for novice disciples to kick and beat cruelly.

Among them, the youngest-looking teenager, fifteen or sixteen at most, kept his eyes upon each move and strike practiced by the novice disciples. He nodded at times as if he learned something.

This was Xiao Han.

Xiao Han had been back for over two months from the unknown town where Brother Fong had killed the demon.

He had lost a lot of weight in these two months.

It was the heart pain.

At the night after he returned to the Cloud Rain Sect, Xiao Han felt as if numerous ants and poisonous insects were eating his heart, or like thousands of small knives cutting there. The pain lasted for four hours. Xiao Han was twitching painfully and passed out.

He thought he was possessed by the demon from the town and he was going die shortly. But the pain lessened and only lasted for three hours on next day.

It lasted two hours on third day.

Nowadays, Xiao Han still felt a pain in hearts, but it was only for a few minutes.

Last night, the pain only lasted for just one minute. Xiao Han was finally relieved. It should not happen again tonight.

Xiao Han felt that something had wormed into his heart. But after all, he had a shallow knowledge. He did not dare to ask people because he was afraid they would cut his heart to see what was there. He had to keep it locked up inside and leave it alone.

“These novice disciples are practicing ‘Bone Refining Bull Fist’, an introductory body strengthening skill of the Cloud Rain Sect’ as they said. I know every technique by heart, but I cannot practice it. I am too weak, without any strength in arms, legs, waist and hip. I am just striking a pose if I practice it, useless.” Said Xiao Han staring at those dragon-and-tiger-like novice disciples, licking the corner of his mouth. “Will I be a walking target and a loser for the rest of my life? Damn it! Qi Shi, you bastard! You should suffer a thousand knives! If you did not take away my medicinal pill Brother Fong gifted to me, I would’ve had a chance to cultivate now... damn! Damn!

Although Xiao Han held a great grudge in his heart against what the novice disciple Qi Shi had done to him, Qi Shi dared not speak up.

At this time, two novice disciples who were strengthening their bodies threw away the stone locks, backed down to rest for a while. They chatted cheerily.

“Brother Song, are those the ‘walking targets’ you were talking about, those standing over there?”

“Right, walking targets. They are just meat sandbags that can walk. As

far as we need, we can kick and hit them, practicing skills and balancing body coordination.

“Hit walking targets? Is...isn’t this too...too cruel?”

“Not really. Junior Duan Mu, do you know what walking targets are? They are just lowly creatures. Never treat them as human beings. Now, violent demons are scourging this world, making disasters, raising turmoil and chaos of war, taking lives away, and leaving numerous bodies everywhere. Those mortals without cultivation are in serious dangers. They are making a precarious living. That’s why there are more and more orphans, refugees, victims, and fleeing people. In order to sustain lives, they seek protections from sects. Taking our Cloud Rain Sect as an example, thousands of refugees pour in here every year. There are so many people and so many refugees in the world, we cannot keep them without reasons. Otherwise, after a few years, our disciples would have no place to cultivate, because there would be refugees and orphans all over here. Isn’t it nonsense?”

“We, cultivators, should take killing demons as our duty. Killing a demon will save one thousand people! This is true merit and virtue! If we waste our cultivating time to keep those refugees and orphans, we are running after the less important things and forget the right obligations. So, all sects would never take the risk to keep refugees. We cannot be the first sect to do this. If refugees want protections and a life-time safety, they need to contribute to our sect. Many sects reorganized refugees and orphans who went to them for shelter. They treated them as walking targets, practicing tools for novice disciples.

“Brother Song, this...this is being too cruel...mortals without cultivation will be beaten to death if they are treated as walking targets... pitiful, so pitiful...”

"Hahaha, Junior Duan Mu, you think too much. How could they be so easy to be beaten to death? Let me tell you. Before they get beat, they would wear rattan(a sort of wood) armors, made from 'Wu Tie Rattan', a specialty of the Cloud Rain Mountains. Skillful craftsmen weaved the armors before they soaked them in tung oil for 81 days. The rattan armor was super tough and unsinkable. Neither swords or spears can penetrate it. Our novice disciples can maim them at most, It is not easy to kill them. Also, most novice disciples beat walking targets with a blows and kicks. Then they will stop beating them. They won't beat them continuously. But it is not rare that those talented and strong novice disciples hit the armor and break it and cause the walking target to split with one fist. But only hundreds of walking targets die at the Cloud Rain Sect throughout the year. It is not a big thing."

"Ah? Hundreds of people get beaten to death. Isn't it a big thing?"

"Junior Duan Mu, as I told you, walking targets are like pigs, dogs, cows, sheep, and ants. Don't treat them as human beings. If they didn't become walking targets, they would've already died, either of starvation or freezing. Maybe they would've been eaten alive by demons. What's more, they are more than happy to be walking targets for the sects. They will survive after being beat for several years and gain good fields, cows, sheep and draught animals. They will be safe for the rest of their lives. At worst, they are fed by our sect with three meals a day, a medicinal bath and herbs aftercare."

"In this world, mortals are as cheap as dogs...hey... they didn't even commit a crime, but have to be beat here..."

"Junior Duan Mu, being useless is a crime. Pigs, dogs, cows and sheep,

they didn't commit a crime neither, but they have to be killed and roasted. This is the same."

...

After a while, those novice disciples all stopped practicing, throwing the stone mounds and sandbags away. They stretched their meridians and bones with a horribly crackling voice through joints explosions. They went towards the walking targets, who were standing at the edges. The disciples were laughing, looking at them teasingly as if a group of wild tigers saw a few sheep.

The walking targets could not help but shiver with a grieving look as if they had lost their parents. Apparently, they were panicking to death.

"Brother Qi, yesterday you said I made a few mistakes when practicing 'Bone Refining Bull Fist'. I went back and practiced carefully. I did have some questions of a few techniques. I found them very unfathomable and hard to practice. It was very different from what you said – 'carrying strength through fists and feet, combining hardness with softness, and feeling full and delightful'. Brother Qi, please teach me in person."

After several novice disciples found their positions, one of them, over 20 years old, rough and dark skinned, stood as majestic as an iron tower. He crossed his arms in front of his chest in arrogance. He seemed to be the backbone here. He was exactly the one who took away the white tiger bone strengthening medicinal pill from Xiao Han.

Instantly, people bowed and scraped to flatter Qi Shi, asking for learning cultivation from him.

“Hum~~” Qi Shi snorted in a bluff, lazily saying, “This ‘Bone Refining Bull Fist’ that we are cultivating is the basic body strengthening skill from our Cloud Rain Sect. When you reach a limit, your meridians, bones and skin will be tougher. When you hold your breath, your skin will be as tough as cow’s hide. It can withstand attacks from blunt weapons, swords and blades. Your bone will be as hard as iron. Every part of your body, your waist, legs, bones, meridians, spines, limbs will integrate with your strength. Your body can be soft or hard, as you want. When you start fighting, your bones will make crackling sounds, like thundering, giving you mountain-like pressure.

“Right, right, Brother Qi. The ‘Bone Refining Bull Fist’ is really something out of the ordinary. It can help us reach the peak of the ‘Bone Refining Layer’ among the body layers. Once we break through it, we will move on to ‘Body Purifying Layer’. Brother Qi, you are a gifted genius. You made a rapid progress, from the ‘50th Bone Refining Layer’ to the ‘90th Bone Refining Layer’ in only two months. You are just a step away from the ‘Body Purifying Layer’. You will reach it anytime.” Said the novice disciple who asked for learning cultivation before, flattering Qi Shi unscrupulously. His face had nothing but just flatter. “Hey hey, when Brother Qi reaches the ‘Body Purifying Layer’, he will gain the mastery, becoming an ‘outer disciple’ from ‘novice disciple’, a skyrocketing rise of his statue. We need to rely on Brother Qi at that time.”

Other disciples all came over to please Qi Shi carefully.

Cultivation started from Body Strengthening. The body layers were divided into Fitness Layer, Skin and Meridians Strengthening Layer, Bone Strengthening Layer, Body Purifying Layer, Marrow Refining Layer, and Blood Enhancement Layer, progressing layer by layer. At the final layer, the cultivator’s body was perfect, unbreakable, without drawbacks,

blade-proof, sword-proof, water-proof, and fire-proof. Even five horses could not tear the body limb from limb. The cultivator's body could be used as a human-shaped weapon. Cutting a general's head between thousands of horses and soldiers would be as easy as winking.

The 100th Bone Refining layer was the peak of bone strengthening cultivation. At this layer, when a cultivator slightly exercised his body, there would be a sound of bones exploding coming from the body. From that, the cultivator moved on to the next layer, the Body Purifying Layer.

Now, Qi Shi was at the '90th Bone Refining Layer', almost at the 100th Bone Refining Layer of the body strengthening layers, becoming perfect.

"Yeah, I am accumulating steadily." Qi Shi boasted without shame. He breathed with a medicinal fragrance. Apparently, there were still a few medicinal properties unrefined inside his body.

Qi Shi's rapid improvement in the past two months had no business with his natural endowment, but with that 'white tiger bone strengthening medicinal pill'.

"Accumulating steadily?" When Xiao Han heard Qi Shi say this without any shame, he was almost angered to the point of cracking the inner and outer corners of his eyes.

But Xiao Han could not to debunk Qi Shi to his face. He had to bear with it.

Chapter 2.2 – The Walking Targets

At this moment, Qi Shi waved his hands in a bluff again, "What do you know? Gain the mastery? A skyrocketing rise? You are as blind as a bat! Those body layers are just laying a basis! Only after you open acupoints, receive Zhen Qi into your body, and reach the Zhen Qi Layer, can you gain the mastery and have a skyrocketing rise!" He squinted his eyes, "At the Zhen Qi Layer, you will ride the rosy floating clouds freely. You can cultivate any divine skills you want. You will have numerous skills and infinite power. You will be able to move the mountains, fill up the sea, catch dragons, throw elephants, and roar at the stars to make them drop in less than a second! On a whim, you can kill demons from thousands of steps away! I want to reach the Zhen Qi Layer. That is the real joviality!"

"Zhen Qi Layer... How amazing would it be if I could reach it...at that time, only I would beat others. Would anyone be able to beat me? Wow wow, if someday I can be as respectable and powerful as Brother Fong, I would not have live in vain." Xiao Han closed his eyes, and dreamt.

"Brother Qi is genius of geniuses. No need to mention that he will smoothly reach the Zhen Qi Layer soon." Those novice disciples kept on flattering Qi Shi.

You will never wake up a man who was being flattered. Although Qi Shi was miles away from the Zhen Qi Layer, he was puffed up with pride, lost in fond dreams, and nodded saying, "If you want my advice, I can do that now. Otherwise, when I reach the Body Purifying Layer, becoming an outer disciple, you won't be able to see me easily."

"Brother Qi, please give us advice!" The novice disciple who said he

made a few mistakes when practicing stepped forward, rolling up his sleeves, pointing at a few walking targets on the edges, saying, "You, you, you, and you, come here. Get over here!"

Those walking targets being called panicked, but they did not dare to disobey. They clenched their teeth and kowtowed, "Yes, yes."

Each picked up a rattan armor on the ground, and put it on. The rattan armor seemed to be woven by special grasses and rattans, and soaked in oil. It was dark and extremely hard.

A few walking targets wore rattan armors, helmets and masks. They wrapped themselves so tightly that even wind couldn't get in.

Next, that novice disciple held up his head high, advanced with long strides and walked to the center. A few walking targets in rattan armors followed him immediately.

Both the novice disciple and walking targets stopped at a distance of several steps between them.

Instantly, those walking targets in rattan armors screamed, scattered, jumped, ran in the dojo, running around that novice disciple.

"HOO!" That disciple roared. He became more and more imposing, looking strong and mighty. He stamped his foot and shot away like a sharp arrow. He shot his right fist out and beat the vital chest of a walking target.

The punch was overbearing. It pierced the air, leaving a 'WOO WOO WOO' sound.

The walking target was beat down to the ground. He rolled away, escaping awfully from being beat again. He seemed to have been beaten frequently, so he knew how to run for his life. He rolled a circle, standing up suddenly, running right away to the opposite direction.

"Great!" The novice disciple said in a grim smile, "Explosive Bone!"

"BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!" That novice disciple's body burst out firecracker-like sounds, raising the dust. The walking target's liver and gall were frightened. He stopped running.

Next, the novice disciple arched one foot forward, kicked one foot backward, held his chest high, sank his waist and hip, drew a circle with his left hand, and hit forward with the right hand!

The air around the fist was whirling, as rough as a storm and as heavy as a mountain. Suddenly, he hit the back of the walking target.

"POOP!" It sounded like a blunt tool bitterly hit a piece of leather. The walking target did not even have time to give a groan before he got hit away several steps. He fell down hard on the ground.

One could imagine if without the rattan armor, the walking target must have been beaten to death. But even though he was wearing the rattan armor, he felt great pain and cried out on the ground, wriggling and twitching like an earthworm. He could not stand up for half a day.

Then, the novice disciple running like a whirlwind. With a fist and a kick like giant axes, he beat the other walking targets.

“Trash! You can’t even escape! Get lost!” The novice disciple said proudly. He seemed not to treat those walking targets as human beings. He smiled and fawned on Qi Shi, “Brother Qi, what do you think of my strength...”

Qi Shi disdained and waved his hand. “It is just so so. You are at 20th or 30th Bone Refining Layer at most. After three or five years of hard practicing, you may have a chance to reach the ‘100th Bone Strengthening’.”

“Bother Qi, let me have a try.” Another novice disciple stepped forward aggressively. He called out a few walking targets randomly. Those walking targets did not dare to hesitate. They put on rattan armor promptly, wearing helmets and masks, following the novice disciple to the center of the dojo.

The situation was the same. This novice disciple stood as still as a pine tree, but moved as violent as a tiger. The walking targets– who covered their faces and crept away like a rat, were beaten by the novice disciple in two or three strikes.

But Qi Shi shook his head. “You will never reach the ‘100th Bone Refining, unless you get something like medicinal pills which clean your meridians and purify your marrow. But they are rare.

Then, novice disciples called out walking targets one by one, making

them wear rattan armor, treating them as human sandbags, beating them away with fists, and kicking them down.

Qi Shi was giving comments while watching.

At last, all walking targets got beat except for Xiao Han.

Qi Shi clenched his fists, bursting his bone joints, shaking the air. He had a grim smile, saying, "Juniors, you had your power of strength wrong while beating those walking targets. Now, let me show you what is the power in the perfection of Bone Refining Bull Fist!"

"Great! Brother Qi, please!" All novice disciples stirred up.

Qi Shi stepped forward, pointing at Xiao Han who was on the edge of the dojo, saying, "You, come out! Oh? Xiao Han! It's you! You are an unique walking target! You are as slippery as an eel. Your rattan armor was beaten and broken but you did not die. Those walking targets said you are 'undead Xiao Han', hah hah hah hah, interesting, very interesting. I will see how durable you are! Come here!"

Xiao Han's eyes had a light of grievance and resentment, but more helplessness. He did not say anything. He bent down to pick up the rattan armor, helmet and mask, put them on and got on the field.

"Juniors, look carefully. I will beat Xiao Han's protective rattan armor into pieces with just one fist! You guys take a close look at how I manage my power of strength!" Qi Shi roared, walking into the field like tigers and lions.

Now, Xiao Han and Qi Shi stood opposite in a distance of around ten steps.

Qi Shi looked at Xiao Han in a grim smile. His manner became more and more imposing. He seemed to grow a few inches higher. He was surging an aura of dignity as if he could swallow the mountains and rivers. A slight move of his body would burst out bone exploding sounds, which was like a dull thunder.

All helplessness, grievance and resentment in Xiao Han's eyes faded away. Instead, there was alertness and seriousness. His muscles were tightened, like an antelope encountering a violent tiger. His natural survival instinct gradually made him calm down.

Qi Shi's body burst out rough sounds, condensing power. He jumped instantly, and his strong body pierced the air. He completely ignored the several-steps distance, jumping at Xiao Han in the blink of an eye. His right fist was like a huge hammer, which could split mountains, hitting Xiao Han's head heavily. The surrounding air was smashed by the wind twirling around his fist with the sound of tearing hearts and lungs.

All novice disciples who were watching this acclaimed Qi Shi's amazing power.

As fast as could be, when Qi Shi hit his fist, Xiao Han pulled his head backward and fell down on the ground to avoid the attack.

Next, Xiao Han rolled and crawled with his hands and feet to run away for several steps in panic.

He was quite agile.

“Haaah~~Haah~~” Escaping from death seemed to have cost lots of his energy. He stood up and stared at Qi Shi, panting.

“EH?” Qi Shi thought he was very strong now and beating Xiao Han down should be as easy as blowing the dust off a table. However, Xiao Han escaped from his fist with an abnormal move. Qi Shi was confused.

Those who were cheering all dumbled.

There was an unwritten rule regarding beating walking targets. Generally, if the novice disciple did not hit the walking target after three fists, he had to stop. This was a matter of reputation. If the disciple kept beating the walking target, it was not good for his reputation. Other would think they were like rogues fighting on the street.

Xiao Han thought, Qi Shi was at 90th Bone Refining Layer, the top figure among novice disciples. He has to restrain himself. Now that he did not beat him with his last fist, he should not continue.

Qi Shi's dark face suddenly turned red. The corner of his mouth twisted a few times. He looked at Xiao Han grimly.

Just now, Qi Shi boasted to those novice disciples that he would beat Xiao Han's rattan armor into pieces. But, his over-confident fist failed. He felt shamed.

"Good, very good!" Qi Shi licked this lip with rough tongue. He became angry from embarrassment. He roared, rushing into Xiao Han with legs and arms.

"Brother Qi! Beat him down! Beat that damn walking target down!" Novice disciples all shouted loudly to encourage.

Qi Shi was using a basic skill of the Cloud Rain Sect, the Bone Refining Bull Fist, which refined the novice disciples' bodies. It did not have many attacking skills or strikes. It was aimed to refine the skin, the meridians and the bones. When facing the enemy, the disciple needed to rush for running and beating, smashing the opponent with his powerful body strength.

Qi Shi beat Xiao Han blisteringly on his vulnerable parts. But he did not know Xiao Han was agiler than a leopard cat, quicker than a mud fish. He jumped to other sides, leaned back, rolled on the ground, or played a back somersault...

Qi Shi stormed his attacks, four fists and two kicks in total. But Xiao Han escaped all of them unexpectedly.

Xiao Han exhausted his energy at that time. Sweat poured off his forehead, dropping to his eyelashes. But he did not dare to close eyes for a second, nor to wipe sweat. He still stared at Qi Shi, bending down a bit and panting.

There was a dead silence.

Xiao Han was panting while staring at Qi Shi, and thought, "Bastard! Enough! More beating? Do you have any shame?"

"Go to hell!!!!!!!"

Suddenly, Qi Shi's body burst out thundering bone exploding sound! The air was boiling in smoke and dust. His strength became more and more and powerful. His bodies strength was cultivated to the perfection! It was overwhelming and stormy! Behind Qi Shi, a flow of Qi seemed to surge into the illusionary figure of a bull!

"Brother Qi is in real rage! He refined his bones! The 90th Bone Refining Layer! It is almost the highest layer of Bone Refining Layers! That Walking target Xiao Han must be beat into pieces without anything left!"

In the moment of fires and lights, Qi Shi's speed also reached the perfection. In the blink of an eye, he flew to the front of Xiao Han. His right fist shot towards Xiao Han like a mountain!

Xiao Han knew there was no way to hide. In that instant, Xiao Han twisted his body in a weird posture, pressing the tip of the tongue to his palate and his body relaxed. Then...

"BOOM!"

Xiao Han's chest was bitterly hit. He was beaten away.

"Ga la!"

In the air, Xiao Han's rattan armor was cracked and ruined.

Xiao Han fell on ground bitterly, lying straight and still, with eyes closed. They did not know he was dead or alive.

"Hah hah hah ha!" At this time, Qi Shi burst out laughing hysterically. "I told you, I will break your rattan armor with one fist! Xiao Han, you walking target! This is the 'Bone Refining Bull Fist' power! I cultivated it to the peak of perfection! Xiao Han, you walking target, even if you do not die instantly, you will be maimed! Hah hah hah ha!"

Xiao Han, lying on the ground, suddenly opened his eyes to see Qi Shi, and pretended to close his eyes shortly. He lied straight, without a single move.